PARADE

No. 1346
Week-ending
Saturday
25th September
1965

PARADE

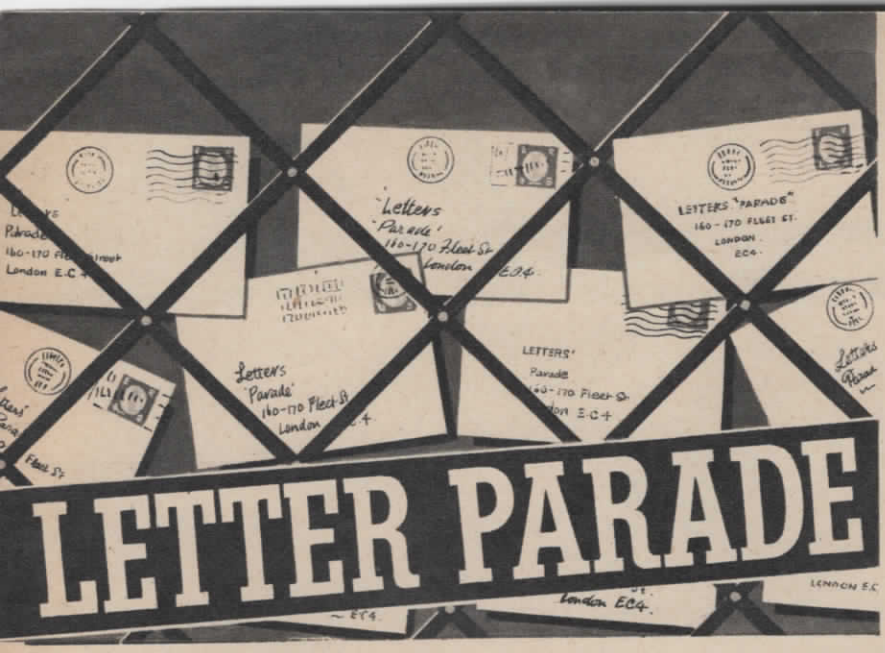
1/-

EVERY
WEDNESDAY

PAT SHEEHAN
—the colleen from Brooklyn.
See inside.

There's worse weather ahead

See page 10



● **This is your public platform. If you have anything interesting to say, here is your chance. We pay 10s. 6d. for every letter published and Two Guineas for the best of the week. Write to: Letters, 'Parade', 167/170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.**

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PARADE

No. 1346 25th Sept., 1965

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COVER GIRL

Though born in Brooklyn 20 years ago, PAT SHEEHAN'S parents are Irish—which makes her a real colleen. She's also 37-24-36 and a highly successful New York model.

FOURPENNY NIP ?

What a delightful thought on the part of the Government, allowing the sale of stamps in licensed houses. The dog may suffer, but hubby will have a perfectly legitimate excuse for a visit to the local. "Just going to pop down for a stamp, dear!"—**C.W., Plymouth, Devon.**

FILM FANS

As a regular reader of 'Parade', I naturally read your film summaries. Although not a keen Sinatra fan, my appetite was whetted by your precis of "Von Ryan's Express".

Many thanks for not letting my wife and I miss an excellent film, which we should otherwise not have gone to see.—**J.A., London, E.10.**

JUNGLE JALOPY ?

My friend was recently very amused on overhearing a conversation between two of his neighbours' small children. They were gazing awestruck at my friend's very old and battered car—so unlike their parents' modern, streamlined vehicle.

In the back of his car my friend has the slogan, 'I've got a tiger in my tank'. It appeared from the conversation that the children on reading this were convinced that the car was 'a real army tank' and that my friend's docile old bulldog, which was napping on the back seat, was 'a real, live tiger'!—**R.F., Thetford, Norfolk.**

STAR LETTER

★ WEDDING TRADITION

Who is going to be bold enough to break the age-old tradition of the bride and groom's friends at a wedding sitting on opposite sides of the church?

We seek inter-church relations, yet we do not seem to see anything wrong in division of guests at a marriage ceremony.

Isn't it much better to promote friendship on entering the church than to separate, so to speak, the goats from the sheep?—J.McN., Glasgow, S.1., receives TWO GUINEAS for the star letter of the week.

DOWN-UNDER DUNES

In a recent 'Parade' I noticed a person (T.S., Yorks.) who says that golden meadows are better than beaches.

Here in Australia, all around the vast coastline, there are a great number of golden, sandy beaches and lovely sunshine to go with them. I have yet to see a dirty, tar-stained, shingled beach anywhere south of the Equator.

It is the opinion of the people Down-Under that nothing beats a good, golden, sandy beach with a full, running surf, also there are plenty of beauties to add more colour to the beaches.—**M.A.K., North Star, New South Wales.**

MOSTLY MURDER ?

Why, I wonder, is murder so acceptable in fiction?

The supreme act of inhumanity is enjoyed as a 'good murder', even by people who would be horrified to see or read of lesser acts of cruelty and violence in real life.—**M.J.J., Aughton, Lancs.**

PEEPING PETTICOATS

Reading the expression for 'Your petticoat is showing', reminded me that we used to say: 'Your next week's washing is showing'.—**W.L., Penkridge, Stafford.**

JUMP-FOR-JOY ?

A friend in the paratroopers was complaining that nothing ever seemed to happen to him.

The same evening, he told us having jumped from a plane with a split parachute and of falling from a motor-bike at 60 m.p.h.!—**P.L., Middlesbrough, Yorks.**

MY PET HATE

Do things some people say or do make you m-a-d? Relieve the tension by telling us.

HOME, HELP !

Being a soldier, my pet hate is when arriving home on leave I am always met with the same question, "When are you going back?"

This complaint is common among soldiers, but I think my mother has now overcome this by saying, "How long this time?"—**N.F., B.F.P.O. 16.**

TERRIFICALLY THIN

'Parade's' constant harping on pin-ups irritates me.

The two most fascinating women I ever met could have acted as stand-ins for Laurel and Hardy!

Women are more than a string of statistics—thank the Lord!—**J.B.S., Kirkintilloch, Glasgow.**

SNAKES 'N' LADDERS

Nothing annoys me more than being told, as if I had no possible way of knowing, "You have a ladder in your stocking," or "You've had your hair done"—**M.R., Barnstaple, Devon.**

WEARY WAIT

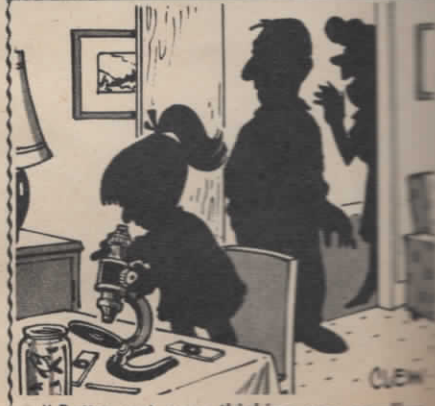
I get most irritated standing in a bus queue (generally in the rain) for 20 minutes and when the bus arrives am told by the conductor to "Hurry along" or "Step on it".

What does he think one wants to do, lie in the road?—**I.F., Camberley, Surrey.**

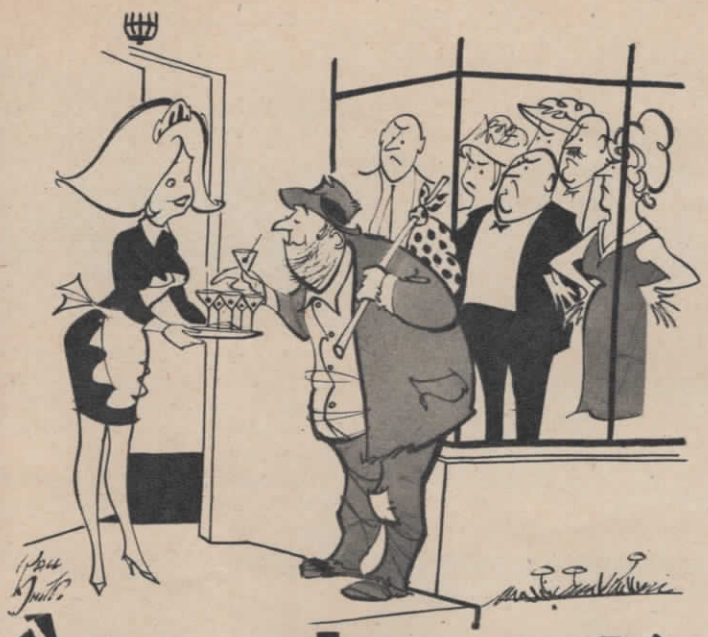
COLD CUT

My pet hate is going into a restaurant and ordering roast beef, and being served with slices of cold meat covered with hot (or warm) gravy—really revolting. But why haven't I the courage to complain? — **K.M.S., Hatfield, Herts.**

THE SILLY WETTS



"Better put your thinking cap on—I've the feeling you'll soon be asked a lot of very awkward questions!"



"Cocktail"

INSPECTOR BLOCKHEAD OF THE YARD: "Tell me, feller, how many brothers have you got?"
YOUTH: "Only one."
INSPECTOR: "Don't lie to me, son! Your sister has just told me she's got two!"

Showbiz chat . . .
"I knew that little redhead when she was singing in a band."
"Go on? She doesn't even wear one of those now."

WOLFISH BEST MAN, following wedding ceremony: "Ah, this is where we start kissing the bride!"
GROOM: "Wrong, mate—this is where you stop!"

Heard at the Palais . . .
"Listen, Beautiful, I'm not the big nit I used to be!"
"You been losing weight, then?"

The Unlikely Lads . . .
"Here, how would you describe a worn-out guitar?"
"I'll buy it."
"Sold!"

The shaggy-haired pop-singer went to the doctor's. "Doc," he wailed, "I've lost my voice . . . do you think you could get it back for me?"
"I could," the doctor said, "but my country comes first."

"What sort of costume do I wear in the next scene?" asked the little, blonde revue-dancer.
The busy producer answered: "That, honey, is neither here nor there."
"Oh," the girl said, "one of those."

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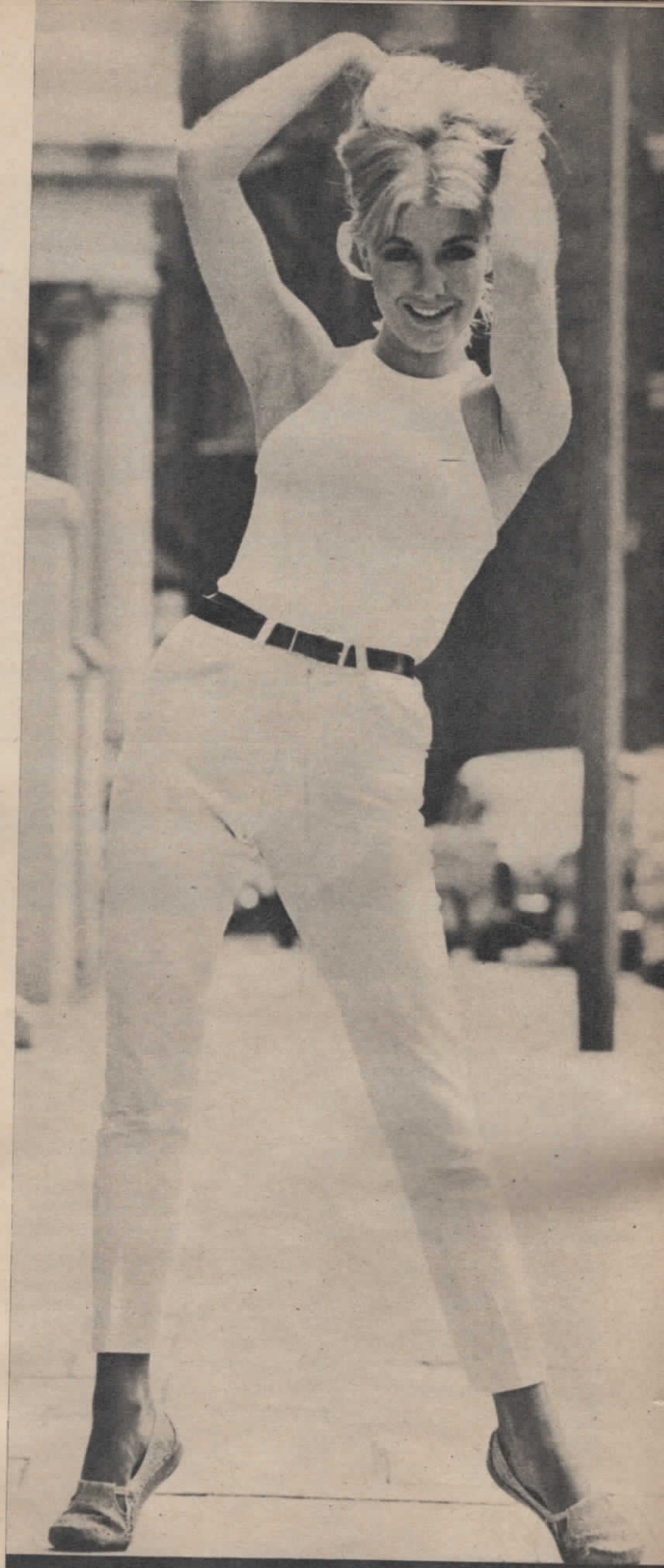

ANNETTE ANDRE, 22-year-old Australian-Italian actress from Sydney, has recently filmed "Up Jumped A Swagman" with singer Frank Ifield—and now intends to settle in London. Glad to have you, Annette!

THE MOUNTAIN

SHE LOOKED YOUNG AND INNOCENT, A SIMPLE ITALIAN PEASANT GIRL. JOE FITCH THOUGHT HE KNEW ALL ABOUT WOMEN, BUT SILVETTA WAS DIFFERENT

SILVETTA GUIDICE saw the six-wheel,canvas-top *camion* take the steep grade-turn a little too fast, a little too wide. The soft road-shoulder slumped with the overweight, spreading like toffee. The truck canted, not dangerously, but the offside wheels ploughed the deep ditch and nothing but a breakdown power-winch would get it out now . . .

She came up alongside as the driver got down from the high cab.

"Are you all right? You might have been killed . . ." She let her bicycle fall at the side of the road as she stared at him, looking for injury. She was excited. Nothing ever happened in Leopoldi.

"Is it hard-wearing?"

He didn't answer the question, all his attention on the truck, reckoning the chance of hauling it clear. Somehow . . . There wouldn't be a breakdown-rig for miles, he was sure of that. This was harsh, isolated mountain-country. The best he could hope for was an ox-team. But, even if he found them and persuaded the owner to let him use them, it would be hours of labour for a small chance. The truck was nose down and all of 12 tons. No hard base to jack those off-side wheels, except the ditch was filled with big stones. It would need lift as well as drag. Oxen wouldn't be much good. Unless he could set up a pulley. With what?

"I've got to get it out," he said desperately, his face shocked white under a sweat-mask of grey travel-dust. "I've *got* to. They—." It was as if he had seen the girl for the first time. The accident, the delay, the danger suddenly became her fault. "What the hell are you gaping at? Never see a truck in a ditch before? Where is this, anyway? What's the next village?"

"Leopoldi. About ten kilometres. You've got a nerve. Can't drive a truck properly and you blame everybody but yourself." She picked up her bicycle and stuck her tongue out at him. "You'll still be here this time tomorrow . . . *Arrivederci!*" She started to pedal away.

"Hey! Wait! Come back, you!"

HE ran fast after her down the road. She pretended to race him but she was pleased when he caught up with her, and grabbed the handlebars. She pretended to fall off, too. She was enjoying all this. Leopoldi was a lonely place. It was an event to meet a good-looking stranger.

"*You brute!*"

He helped her up. She pushed him away angrily. Another act.

"Leave me alone. If you don't I'll report you to the *carabinieri* . . ."

"No," he said, panicky. "I'm sor
. . . I never meant to hurt you.
wanted to apologize."

"A fine way you have, then. Loo
at my dress . . ."

She had managed to smear th
low-cut bodice and short skirt wi
fine dust.

Clumsily he put out a hand. Sh
backed quickly away from him.

"Stop that! I'll do it myself . .

"I was only trying to help."

"That's what they all say. Seem
to me you need more help than
do."

He looked back at the truck.

"I'm in a real jam."

She nodded, sympathetic. But
question occurred to her.

"Why didn't you use the ne
road? Nobody comes this way now
days. Except tourists, of course."

"I didn't know about it," he lie

She opened her eyes wide. H
surprise was quite genuine.

"Surely everybody does? It was
all the papers and everything."

"I didn't see the papers," he sa

She was listening to his voi
rather than the words.

"You're not Italian," she said, pu
zled. He spoke as fluently as she d
herself but the accent was sometim
overstressed. "Are you Austrian
They were near the border. Quite
few Austrians spoke good Italian.
fact, part of this region had be
Austrian once. Before they lost t
war.

"No," he said. "American. Itali
parents. But American." There w
no harm in telling her that,
thought. A bit of the truth alwa
helped in a situation like this. "I
in the Army. That's an Army tru
Understand? I'm supposed to ge
to Bolzano by midnight or I'm
trouble."

They had walked back to t
truck. He was wheeling her bicycl

"You're not dressed like a soldie
she said suddenly.

Were peasants ever anything b
greedy and suspicious?

"No. I was on leave. I—borrow
the truck." That was still a long w
from the real facts. It would hold h
though.

He was altogether wrong . . .

"A loaded truck? You borrow
a loaded truck? Why would you
that?"

His grey eyes went narrow. S
saw that, too.

"Loaded? How can you tell?"

"The way it's tilted over. Rig
down on one side."

He grinned, trying for the cle
living, candid look.

GIRL

SHORT STORY by Douglas Railton

"You're sharp . . . Yeah, there's a load on. That's why I've got to be back in Bolzano. You know what the load is?" He was watching her very carefully. She wrinkled her nose. And nodded.

"Brandy. I can smell it."

Some of the bottles had smashed, then. If he didn't smoke so much he might have smelled it, too. From a nobody she was suddenly, possibly dangerous.

"That's it. Brandy. There's a big officer's party, tonight. A lot of your Army people going to be there, too. And Government. That's why it's got to be on time. Or my name isn't Joe Fitch—." He broke off but she'd noticed it, was translating it in her mind.

"That's not an Italian name."

"Well, for Pete's sake! You sound like Army Intelligence."

"It isn't an Italian name," she said stubbornly.

"Never mind. Lots of Italians in America change their names. My old man was one of them. Sometimes Italians aren't so popular over there. So it's Fitch. You any objections?"

She shrugged, taking her bicycle from him.

"Army trucks have special marks on them," she said, mounting the bicycle, balancing. Her dark eyes were serious. "There were marks on that truck"—she pointed briefly—"but they were taken off. The wood's still new, where they were."

He gripped the handlebar, thinking ahead fast.

"Where you going? In a hurry?"

"You stole the truck," she stated, afraid but hiding it. "I know about such things."

"From the papers, I suppose." He was amazed. A slip of a kid and she'd seen through the whole works.

"Yes," she said. "From the papers. Let go of my bicycle, please. I have to get to work now. I'm very late . . ."

"I can't let you go, kid. Not until I get clear."

"I wouldn't say anything about it," she promised, really afraid and unable to conceal it now. She expected to be believed. She, who had never told a lie in her life. "Not a word . . ."

"I can't risk that. You'll have to stay. Otherwise—" In the palm of his hand was a small skinning-knife, the sort butchers use—"*Capiche?*"

YES, she understood. Or partly understood. Such things happened to girls. And for less than the value of the cargo in the disabled truck. Much less.

She closed her eyes for a moment. But when she opened them, the scene was still there. Then it wasn't all a dream . . .

He must have seen into her mind when she glanced, once, at the bicycle. The road was steep. If she had only 20 yards' start, she could get away from him. This time there would be no pretence . . .

"No!" The tyres gasped as the knife slashed. "It could be that pretty little throat next time . . . I told you —you stay with me. Until—"

"Until you're big enough to lift the truck by yourself? I don't want to be an old maid . . ."

"And less of the flip talk, kid. Or it's a busted nose . . ."

"You're very polite. For an American . . ."

He turned away, staring sullenly at the truck. Then he went round back, unlaced the green, waterproof canvas a couple of feet and put his arm through the opening. When he withdrew his hand he held an undamaged bottle of brandy. He poked the cork down with his little finger, had himself a couple of hard swallows, laid the bottle to one side.

"I sure needed that."

"You'll need a lot more . . ."

"You know how much is in that load? I'll tell you. Nine-hundred gallons. That's"—he worked the sum through in his head—"more than 6,000 litres. Worth over a million lira." He was impressed with his own figures. "A million lira," he repeated. "And I have to set the whole bundle down in some stinking ditch . . ."

He took another drink, a longer one this time, rinsing his teeth. The sun rose a little higher, flooding the rocky landscape. It was almost 8.30. Early yet, but already a hot day. It would be hotter . . .

She sat down with her back against a boulder.

"It was quite clever of you, getting away with so much," she said.

He sat down next to her, the bottle between his knees. He lit a cigarette.

"Sure it was clever . . . I knock off this Army truck, see? And I drive it around to this NATO warehouse. You know what NATO is don't you? That's the Allies against the Commies. They've got bases everywhere. And where there's a base, so you have supplies. Seems brandy is high up on the supply list . . .

"And I have this paper, understand? I got a friend. A sergeant. He makes out this paper. It says we're moving supplies. It's done all the time. Fact, they don't do much else. Just move stuff around, place to place." He bit into the brandy some more and his speech was slurring. "So I drive around an' I say: 'Load it up, mac!' An' they load it. Then I'm in the liquor business . . .

"I have this customer. Chain of restaurants he's got." He yawned. "Jeez it's getting warm . . . He says: 'Deliver in Bolzano. I'll take it from there'. Everything was going just great. But I been drivin' all night. Maybe takin' a slug now an' then, keep on my toes. It's some drive, these roads. Like a switchback. Spots in front of your eyes . . . Sheep, shadows . . ."

The bottle rolled between his legs, almost empty. He tried to retrieve it. Silvetta snatched it away and with all her supple strength smashed it down over his head. She went to

Continued on page 6

'TRAVEL IS WHAT I JOINED FOR'

says Bob Nicholson, 22, from Carlisle. He's with the King's Own Royal Border Regiment recently back from British Guiana

You'd go for a job in the Army!

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY!

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Please send me a *free* Army booklet

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

DATE OF BIRTH .....

(You must be resident in the UK)

M164101

YOU CAN JOIN AT 17!

Bank Robber Girl

IF you're told there's no more to a bank clerk's job than handling other people's lolly, don't believe it. The bank clerk, it seems, must be prepared for anything.

But when a man jumped on to a bank counter in Bristol, tore open his shirt and asked the clerk to cash a cheque for 1s. 6d., the clerk was startled. The cheque, correctly made out with the signature over a twopenny stamp, was on his chest!

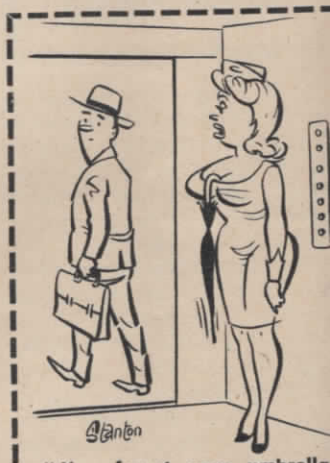
The human cheque got his money and donated it to a local 'rag week' charity.

Some time ago, a Frenchman went into an English bank and offered francs in exchange for English money. He correctly filled in his name and address on the appropriate form, but had difficulty in describing his occupation.

He finally walked on his hands along the counter and the bank clerk got the message. The Frenchman was an acrobat.

However, bank clerks are only human. They sometimes make mistakes. Mrs. James Walsh went into an American bank for a cheque worth £6, but she left with a cheque for £1,430,000. She returned to hand the cheque back, but learned that the girl who made it out error had been sacked.

Mrs. Walsh demanded that girl be re-instated. The bank refus so Mrs. Walsh refused to return

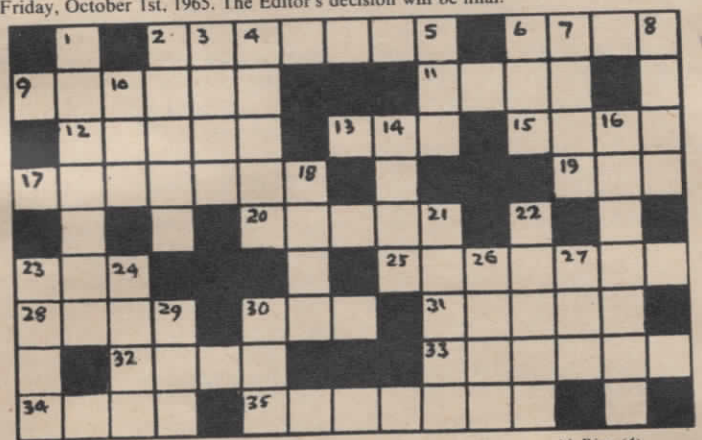


"You forgot your umbrella sir!"

'PARADE' CROSSWORD No. 623

When you have completed the crossword, cut it out and send it together with your name and address, in block capitals, to: 'Parade', Crossword No. 623, 167/170, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

There will be an award to the senders of the first three correct solutions checked of gift tokens valued one guinea. No entries will be considered after the closing date, Friday, October 1st, 1965. The Editor's decision will be final.



ACROSS

2 Insect (7)
6 Handle (4)
9 Wound (6)
11 Frail (4)
12 Maritime (5)
13 Which person? (3)
15 Determination (4)
17 Goes Back (7)
19 Be sleepy (3)
20 Toss (5)
23 Possesses (3)
25 Issue (7)
28 Plant (4)
30 Animal (3)
31 Surrounded by (5)
32 Too (4)
33 For kindling (6)
34 English city (4)
35 Strong (7)

DOWN

1 Universal (7)
2 Polite (5)
3 Bellow (4)
4 Creek (5)
5 Brace (3)
6 Berry (3)
7 Related (4)
8 Related (4)
10 Perched (3)
14 Ring (4)
16 Rooms (7)
18 Avoid (4)
21 Anger (5)
22 Great pain (5)
23 Misty (4)
24 Rise above (4)
26 Leave out (4)
27 Finish (3)
29 Animal (3)
30 Deity (3)

SOLUTION TO No. 619

ACROSS: 1 Reloaded. 7 Gave. 11 Ruin. 12 Rift. 14 Cricket. 16 Moths. 17 Tepid. 18 Screw. 19 Mitre. 20 Sight. 22 Berth. 25 Trained. 27 Dare. 28 Eels. 29 Yank. 30 Greeting.

DOWN: 2 Enriched. 3 Orchestra. 4 Auk. 5 Diet. 6 Enteric. 8 Arm. 9 Violinist. 10 Eft. 13 Thirteen. 15 Lighter. 21 Tree. 23 Ray. 24 Hen. 26 Ale.

The first correct solutions to Crossword No. 619 opened and checked were sent in by the following readers: **Mr. J. Paton, West Avenue, Penkhull, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs; Mr. A. R. Rahman, Formosa Street, London, W.9; Mr. J. Harvey, Sawley Road, Breaston, Derby.**

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL

Continued from page 5

the back of the truck and took another, a full one. And hit the man again . . . Dust claimed the spilling liquid and the thick glass shards glittered under the sun. Carefully she gathered them up, scraped a hole in shallow soil and covered them over, stamping the soil flat.

It was hard work but she managed to hoist the man into the truck cab. Two or three times she put her hand inside his khaki shirt. That was her own pulse beating . . . his was still. Joe Fitch had driven a long way. But this was the end of the road.

A million lira . . .

What could one buy with a million lira? Almost anything, she thought. It was an amount peasants used in their talk to describe infinity. And there it was. In a ditch. Waiting for her.

"*A chain of restaurants . . .*"

She found the dead man's pocket-book and searched through it, framing the strange words with her lips. Then her eyes brightened.

'*Ristorante Economico. Emilio Carducci. Bolzano.*'

That would be it.

She put the page with the address into her shoe, smiling. *So not ever happened in Leopoldi!*

The sun climbed higher, the c mountain sky like the lens of a b ing-glass. And the silence of this place was an impenetrable substa as real as stone.

She laboured for hours, swa brown face stinging with the dry of her sweat. But she was use work. Hard labour was her life, gradually the load in the t diminished. One by one the cr emptied and the costly bottles stored in neat rows in a low na cave, a mile away, in the rock hind the road.

Tonight her three brothers w load it again. In the mornir would arrive in Bolzano.

Safe and sound.

Only once during the long, sc ing hours did she pause. She just remembered something. It rather amusing and made her la so that her round, pretty face w vivid as a fresh gypsy rose.

"I'd forgotten all about that. weren't even expecting me to to work today."

Yes, she'd quite forgotten. I her birthday . . .

She was 14 years old . . .

Fled When Laughed

cheque until the girl was back at her job. A gallant gesture, but to no avail. She couldn't cash the cheque, anyhow.

When confronted by a would-be bank robber, cashier Hilda Boudreau of Hamilton, Ontario, looked up from her counter, gasped and burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. The man fled.

When the police arrived she was still shaking with merriment. She explained: "I just couldn't help laughing. The would-be bandit looked so funny wearing a disguise of big sun-glasses and a large piece of adhesive plaster stuck over his nose."

Bank clerks are sometimes called upon to do unusual things. At a bank in Elm Park, Hornchurch, they had to pacify aggressive trading-stamp collectors who were making some unusual inquiries. A hoaxer had stuck a notice in the window. It read: 'Trading stamps given here'.

They once even got a new key cut for a woman who kept her boyfriend's love-letters in her home safe-deposit. Her husband had found out and thrown her key into the Thames.

Yes. There's more to a bank clerk's job than handling other people's lolly!

Longest pier in the world, cockles, seaside, pubs and gorgeous, 20-year-old VALERIE JAMES (37-24-36). What more could you ask of Southend-on-Sea?

Don't let **UGLY ACNE, BOILS PIMPLES**

SPOIL YOUR FUN

If they do then start using *new* MASCOPIL today—MASCOPIL, the new formula treatment for ACNE, BOILS and PIMPLES that really works—from within the system where the trouble starts!

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TESTIMONIAL No. 1025 from a student in Liverpool:

"MASCOPIL has cured my acne in 2 months, a 2-year treatment at a hospital failed."

MASCOPIL will also work for you! Just complete the coupon and send with an 8/6d. P.O. (post free) today, for your 30-day treatment and descriptive leaflet. Sent under plain cover.

CROWN DRUG Co. (Dept. P/25/9), **Blackburn, Lancs.**

Name .....

Address .....

.....Block caps please

family planning

All enlightened people need the information in our new booklet on Family Planning. The 'Pill' and other new methods are covered discreetly and frankly. Send now for your free copy together with details of our confidential postal service and price list.

PREMIER LABORATORIES LTD.
35 Black Lion Street, Brighton

Name .....

Address .....

.....

One of France's most popular cover-girls, ANNY NELSEN, shows why girls are wearing the 'sexykini'—if they have a figure like Anny's, of course!

MAIDENS TO WIN

IT was bright moonlight in the grave yard of the small town in Bomba Province, India. A small group o people were gathered at one end respectfully keeping its distance from gravestone astride which a girl of 18 o 19 was sitting.

She was naked, and in her hands she held human skull. She appeared to be eating ric out of it. The skull had been taken from a open grave.

She was indulging in one of India's man nudity rites, which have gone hand-in-han with witchcraft ever since that ancient countr was populated.

"She is a devout person," the onlooker explained. "She is merely practising th ancient art of attaining mastery over the spiri and fiends. It is usual to remain naked whe engaged in the performance of such solem rites."

Before the Indian authorities clamped dow it was the custom for *all* the people of tha district to appear nude at the cemetery on th night of the 14th day of 'Ashvin' (Septembe —October). They would watch the rice bein *cooked* in a human skull, and then eat some o it themselves. Citizens who thought themselv to be sorcerers, male and female, rode roun naked on the backs of oxen, shouting insul at the evil spirits responsible for bringing ba luck.

There are many branches of Indian blac art. Nudity and sex figure in most of ther Though scorned by high-caste Hindus, th weird rites performed to obtain mastery ov one's destiny are still very popular among th majority.

Low-caste Hindus who desire children oft make use of a corpse. They believe that th Goddess Jhampadi alone can grant the children, but first the would-be mother an father have to go naked to the nearest cem tery on a Sunday night.

There they gather up the ashes of a corps They then have to find another corpse whi has neither decayed nor burnt to ashes. Th husband sits astride this, filling a hollo bracelet with the ashes he has already gathere Afterwards, his wife wears the bracelet on h arm above the elbow. This is supposed endow her husband with unusual procreati powers, and grant herself the ability to be many children.

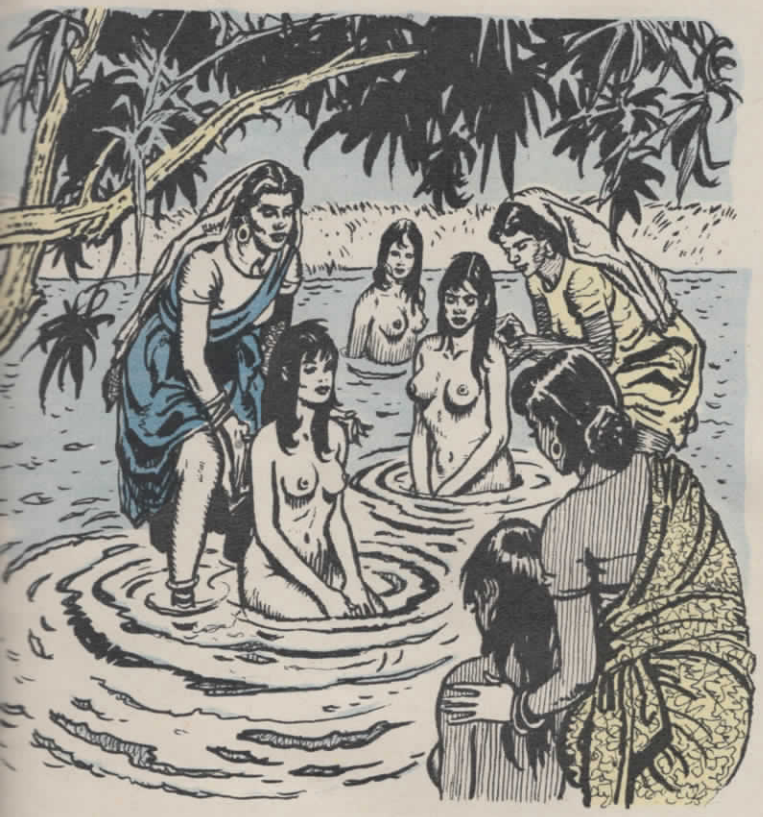
This cult of nakedness may seem weird Westerners, who rarely bare their bodi except on the beach or in the bath. In t blistering heat of tropical India, however, t word 'naked' means the same as 'comfo and has hardly any erotic significance.

People remain naked while worshipping t god Bhairav and the goddess Jakshani. Pe sons who profess to cure snake-bite by mea of incantations have to sit naked under dri ping water before the gods will co-operate.

The hook-shaped instrument which is us

DANCE NAKED LOVERS

by PAUL BROCK



by thieves to bore holes through the walls of houses is made by a Hindu blacksmith and his wife. While they are shaping this important tool both stand completely naked.

Instruments prepared in this way are believed to ensure success for the thief. He scrupulously sets aside the first loot acquired by the help of the hook for the blacksmith and his wife as a reward for their services. He never grudges the reward, however large the booty may be.

On certain days of the Hindu calendar women worship a 'Pipal' tree and offer it 108 things of one kind. They perform this rite while nude.

Women who crave a son do a sort of Far Eastern striptease before the sacred 'Pipal' tree and offer themselves to it. Girls of the Gujarat tribe are led naked to the nearest river when they attain puberty, and bathed there by married women. The girls' bodies are rubbed with perfumed oils and they are taught the rudiments of love.

Sensational nudity rites are willingly performed by the women of the large Rajbansis tribe in honour of the Rain God, Hoidum Deo. Their Rain Dance is performed exclusively by women who are completely naked.

A plaster idol of the Rain God is placed in a clearing. The younger women gather round it and remain silent until the moon rises, when the older females start playing musical instruments. The sound is like voodoo drums punctuated at regular intervals by the sharp clash of cymbals.

Immediately the young girls spring to their feet and tear off all their clothing until they are nude, forming a dancing circle round the idol.

Soon they work themselves into a frenzy, twisting and contorting their bodies, rolling their eyes, screaming, and embracing each other. Their final act is to attack the idol with their bare hands, breaking it in pieces and scattering them.

No average-shaped young female Rajbansis has ever had to perform the rain dance more than once. The girls hardly have time to get dressed again before dozens of eager young men line up to sign on the dotted line and carry off their brides.

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Don't be alarmed—but a new ice-age may be coming and man is speeding it. Science could make sunnier summers

YES, THE

WHA'I a summer!

Except that it wasn't a summer—bu a 'green winter', with one or two spot of the sun-blest warmth we used to know

And it's not just your imagination. Not a month ha passed this summer without the BBC broadcasting frost warning for some area of the British Isles. Back o the night of July 3-4, we got the coldest Midsumme night on record in many districts. The whole of th Midlands got frost—temperatures falling to 28 degrees F which is four degrees below freezing. Normally, the dail temperature in July is over 61 degrees.

This summer the wrong sort of weather records hav been broken all over the place. Not only have the night been the coldest since records began, but day warmt has always been exceeded at some time in the pas 40 years.

July, the month which can give us 14 hours of sun shine a day, produced only an average of 112 hours fo the entire 31 days, about half the usual quota. In man areas, from Cardiff to Nottingham, and Bristol t Harrogate, never has there been such a lack of sun.

Most people blame the dreary, chilly summer on t Britain's notorious greyness. They're wrong. This pheno menal summer has been a travesty of the normal condi tions throughout Europe — with such remarkabl conditions that the scientists are making special studie of the reasons.

Beyond the Iron Curtain, in Czechoslovakia, Hungar and Yugoslavia, interminable rain has ruined crops an caused the Danube to burst its banks, inundatin enormous areas on a scale rarely known even when th winter snows melt.

On the summer's day that the fields of western Franc

The North Pole? Siberia? Neither—it was the scene at Southend during the Big Freeze in January, 1963.

WEATHER IS GETTING WORSE

A PARADE Investigation by K. F. GEE

were sparkling with a night frost, the snow ploughs were out on Norwegian roads, cutting a path for the cars of tourists who had expected to camp beside a lake warm enough for swimming.

Both Germany and Holland have had to cancel outdoor arrangements for recreation. In Germany, town authorities have been putting on film shows and holding quizzes in town halls so children on holiday have somewhere to go. Dutch TV, normally restricted to transmissions at night-time, has been broadcasting afternoon programmes for the benefit of shut-in, shivering holidaymakers and tourists.

Most significant feature of all is that the sea temperature has kept low. In most coastal waters of the Channel and the North Sea, the mid-summer figure failed to climb above a teeth-chattering 59 degrees, at least five degrees below normal for the most exposed beaches.

The summer of 1965 will undoubtedly be historic, marking as it does a major decrease in warmth. It may help to settle the big argument which has been going on among meteorologists for years: whether a new Ice Age is coming or not.

Oldsters who bore everyone with talk of the wonderfully hot, fine summers they remember in their far-off youth are correct in their memory. There is a slow but ominous drop in temperature. Between 1949 and 1958 the daily mean air temperature in England and Wales dropped from an average of 50.1 degrees F. to 49.8. In all areas of the British Isles the number of days with frost has climbed in the same period—from 36 to 74 in Aberdeen and 36 to 45 in Birmingham.

These changes may seem small, but they have occurred in a split second of time from the viewpoint of climatic changes.

The really valuable clues are to be found up North—in Scandinavia, Greenland and Iceland, where the northern hemisphere's 'refrigerator' controls most of the cooling winds and rainfall Britain and Europe experience. There the glaciers are increasing in size. In Greenland, where a few centuries back there were farms and villages, the areas have been buried under the ice sheet.

NO scientist kids himself that the ice ages the world has gone through in the past could not occur again. For one thing, they do not know what caused them. They have theories that the earth's orbit, which is subject to variations which change its distance from the sun by some 14 million miles, may deprive us of as much as one-fifth of the sun's heat.

Or the sun, which doesn't burn steadily, may go through periodic phases when the heat just isn't radiated. Whatever the cause, these ice ages have occurred on four occasions in the past—the most recent long after man had become civilized in the Middle East.

He certainly wasn't civilized in Europe and North America. He couldn't have lived there. Mountains of ice covered all Canada and stretched as far as the site of New York.

In Britain, 5,000 feet of ice in a vast sheet spread as far as the Midlands and South Wales, and a thick layer of ice existed where London stands. It moved across the frozen Channel and as far as Switzerland, where vestiges of it still remain in the high mountains.

An ice age of this impact will, of course, take many tens of thousands of years to reach its zenith, so there's no need to worry!

But its gradual development may now be starting. Unless the summer just gone was a freak of Nature, people in the cool lands, such as the British Isles, may as well get used to sunless summer days and chilly summer nights. It will be good for the overseas tourist industry, for the manufacturers of central heating apparatus, but not for many other people.

First thing affected will be the cost of living. There'll be need for more clothes, more food, more fuel. Health services will have to be augmented to deal with more illness.

Food production will have to be reorganized. Already this year frost damage has caused enormous losses to fruit growers, and general farmers

Continued on page 12

THE WEATHER IS GETTING WORS

Continued from page 11

have seen their cereal crops remaining green until the half-formed seeds began to sprout before they were ready for harvesting.

Communication systems will have to be changed. The world's ports which are ice-bound for a few weeks of the year may be closed for months. This has already caused serious losses to some Canadian ports connected by the Great Lakes canal system, designed on the assumption that the water would be ice-free except at abnormal periods. The abnormal looks like becoming normal.

While many scientists are accepting with resignation that increasing cold will be due to natural phenomena, there are those who are investigating whether man himself is to blame.

This isn't just the widespread belief among laymen that the nuclear explosions between 1945 and 1955 have affected the weather.

It is based on beliefs of the effects of aircraft and rockets moving through the stratosphere. Those long wisps of white cloud seen behind high-flying aircraft are man-made clouds.

In calm weather it will be seen that, while the narrow line spreads, the white clouds thus formed persist for a long time.

The more aircraft and rockets there are to fly at these extreme heights the more of these contrails, as they are called, will be formed. And at more than 12 miles above the earth there are no winds to disperse them.

TWO of the world's greatest authorities on weather, Professor Verner Suomi, of the American University of Winsconsin, and Dr. Walter Roberts, chief of the U.S. Government's National Centre for Atmospheric Research, have carried out careful tests and they believe these contrails from supersonic airliners, such as the Concord, will persist for ever. As day after day machines form a new contrail over thousands of miles of sky they will be weaving a skin of haze above the earth which will hover permanently 14 miles up. This skin will reflect some of the sun's heat and light back into space, depriving the earth's surface of its normal quota of warmth. Changes of climate would then quickly occur.

If the change was really serious then obviously these flights would be banned. But the disturbing thought is that the mushroom clouds of nuclear explosions climbing 20 miles and more into the atmosphere, and the fleets of supersonic military aircraft and rockets which have already created this haze, may have already cut down our sunshine quota, and there's nothing to be done about it.

The answer of the scientists to this problem is to control the weather a few thousand feet up. Dr. Irving Langmuir, the greatest authority on making rain, has plans available to ensure that clouds are made to release rain or snow in any desired place.

As the sort of heavy snow falling for 12 hours in Scotland and Northern England can cost half a million pounds in snow clearance on roads and railways, the ability to make the snow fall out in the Atlantic or North Sea could be a worth-w investment.

It would cost only a few thou pounds using Dr. Langmuir's m ods. A squadron of R.A.F. would scatter 200 lb. of pelle silver iodide stored at a very temperature. As the pellets colle the snow another squadron w spray dry sand on top of the clo and the snow would immedi fall.

Some resistance against incr ing cold has been worked out. W the polar ice cap becomes lar creates winds above it which south and push back warm wes or southern winds, with cl banking up at the collision area detonating huge areas of the ice with explosives these northern w would be weakened, and w sunny weather allowed to creep the British Isles and Europe.

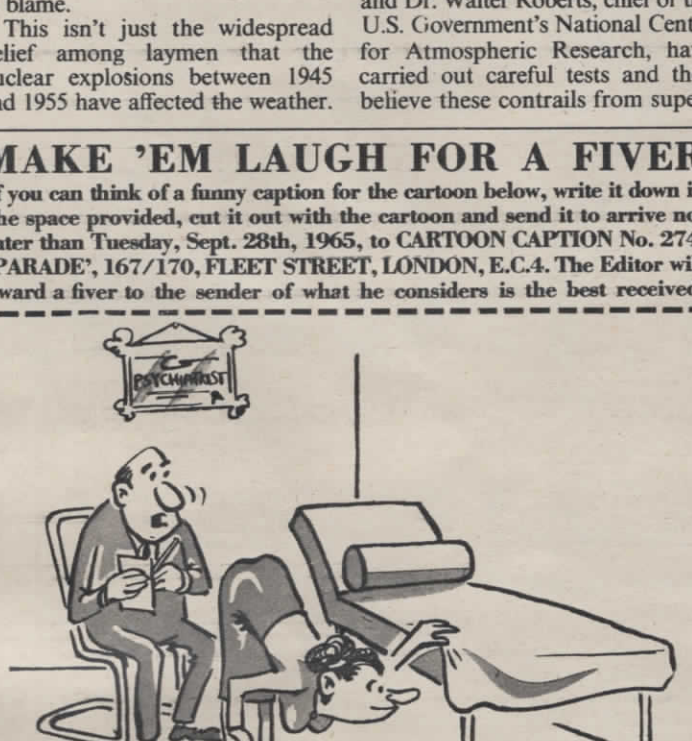
The only trouble is that mou the weather to our requiren could only be done with the a ment of every country affecte

Facts suggest that such an a ment would not be easy to ach

Meantime, we've got to en the weather Nature—or high-f aircraft—are giving us. There' any risk of a cataclysm for m ages to come. But it does look 1965's sunless summer has give a hint of what may be in during our own lifetime.

MAKE 'EM LAUGH FOR A FIVER

If you can think of a funny caption for the cartoon below, write it down in the space provided, cut it out with the cartoon and send it to arrive not later than Tuesday, Sept. 28th, 1965, to CARTOON CAPTION No. 274, 'PARADE', 167/170, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4. The Editor will award a fiver to the sender of what he considers is the best received.



" I'm beginning to suspect your trouble already, Miss Tweedy ! "

MY CAPTION IS.....

.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

You've seen cartoonist Crocker's caption to the cartoon above. Now see if you can do better.

Mr. Leslie Holt, Prestwich, submitted the following caption to the cartoon, left, and wins FIVE POUNDS.

" You're right, Joe, it takes your mind off the toothache."

SCHOOL FOR BEGGAR EARNED HIM FORTUN

"CAN you spare a dime, pal?" asked the seedy-looking beggar. "Leave me alone, bud," snarled the out-of-work American actor. He had his own worries. He'd been tramping the sidewalks of New York trying to think of how to make some money.

Suddenly he stopped, his old theatre instinct roused by something in the beggar's face. Turning, he walked back to where the man was standing.

Looking the beggar up and down he said, "Say, if you were dressed a lot worse than you are, and your face looked pinched and thin, you'd make more money, people would feel really sorry for you. You're doing it all the wrong way. Come with me, I've got an idea of how to help you."

The two men walked back to the actor's apartment, once there, the actor lost no time in making the man up to look as ill and hungry as he could. When he'd finished, he said, "See how much money you can make now!"

That night the beggar returned to the actor's apartment and laid five dollars on the table. "Your pal," he said with a smile. "U now I've never taken more four dollars in a day, but t I took 30."

Every day for a week the be called in on the actor for his 'm up', and then off he would go t in the streets. His average tal were 27 dollars a day.

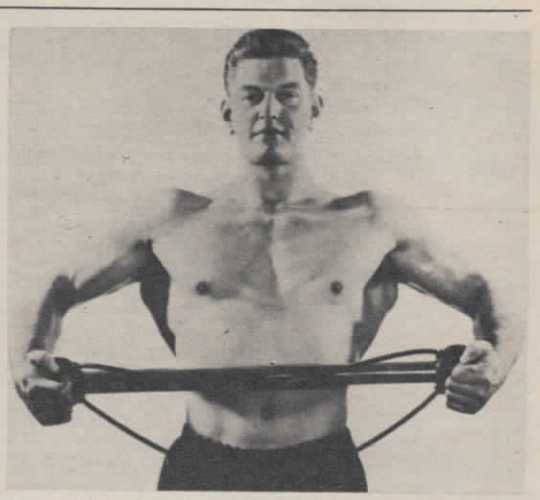
Soon he told his friends abo and within a month the actor 18 regular clients!

He was soon doing so well he reduced his 'fee' to only dollars. Before long his curious ness was a full-time job, an became so expert in making gars look as if they were at the of their tether, that he could d job in a matter of minutes.

He continued in his strange fession for 16 years, foundi 'Beggars' School', where 1 pupils were eventually traine some 200 teachers, and a staff 100 make-up artists were empl As principal of this school former actor made an incom more than £8,000 a year.

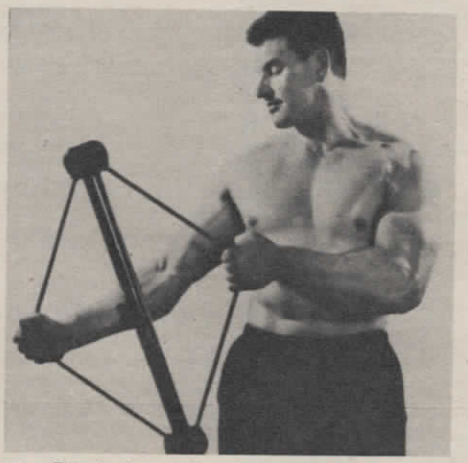
Britain's Heavyweight Weightlifting Champion reveals how

These 7 exercises can build you a power-packed body in exactly 49 seconds a day!



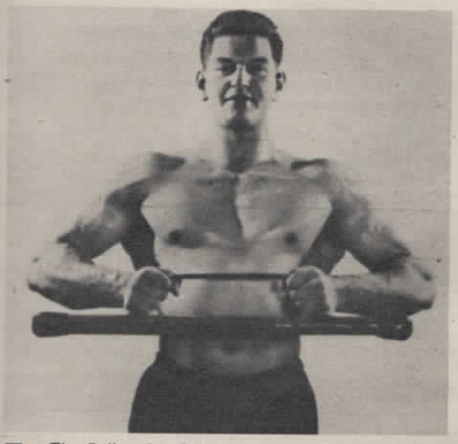
1 This is Dave Prowse, Britain's Heavyweight Weightlifting Champion 1962/3/4. Here he demonstrates the exerciser used by the German Olympic Team in secret training before their success in Tokyo. The exerciser is called "BULLWORKER 2." You use it to develop any muscle group you want, and each exercise lasts for just 7 seconds a day. The exercise shown here is to develop your chest, and give it more depth

2 This exercise gives more powerful biceps. When you do the exercise you need use no more than 60% of your full strength, and 7 seconds is the minimum time needed.



3 This is the exercise you use to develop more muscle padding on your back around the region of the shoulder blades. The German scientists of the Max Planke Institute calculate that with these 7-second exercises a man can double his strength in six months.

4 If you want to develop the strength and bulk of your upper arm, this is the exercise for you. It will also build up your back muscles to give a broader, more powerful chest.



5 The Bullworker 2 is used in a series of exercises; each designed to affect a different muscle group. You merely choose which parts of your body you wish to develop. This exercise, for example, strengthens and increases the size of the forearm.

6 Bullworker 2 can get to work on any of your 200 basic muscles. This exercise is designed to give readers manly shoulders. Exercises like this will increase your strength by 4% per week, repeated just once each day.

7 Feeling a little overweight? This is the exercise that gets rid of the surplus on the waistline. Bullworker 2 is offered complete with diet advice for slimmers, and you will be surprised to see how little the technical difference is between *gaining* weight and *losing* fat.

PAYMENT AFTER RESULTS

The German brochure on Bullworker 2 has been translated into English. It gives pictures of all the exercises, and page after page of facts, figures, medical and scientific testimony. A limited number of the exercisers are now available in this country. Before you are asked to buy one, however, you can use it for 14 days, to make sure that the results measure up to your demands.

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BEHIND Th

MAYBE I'm an old sentimentalist, but every time I hear Ronn Carroll warbling his current hit, "Without Love", I get slight pang. Not, I assure you, at Ronnie's carrolling. I thir he's one of the tops in his class. No, I just can't hear it wit out remembering that he and his delightful young wife, Millice Martin, are estranged. All who know them touch wood that is only temporary.

But I wonder how Millicent feels every time she hears Ronnie singing on the air? And what are *his* feelings when he sings it nightly at Scarborough

Ronnie first recorded the song eight years ago. With this second stab the melody the song must mean even more to him . . . and to Millie. Wouldn't it be great if it brought about a reconciliation, because I have a hunch that Ronnie is really *living* and *feeling* that lyric.

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

And talking of marriages I was chatting recently to Michael Denison, for over 25 years happily wed to Dulcie Gray.

"One of the things that has kept our marriage solid, is that neither of us is jealous of the other's success," Michael told me. "We hope to be doing another play together soon. That will be fine, and there'll be no recriminations between us if one or the other seems to have the slightly better part or gets more applause.

"Dulcie was on top of the world when I had that long 'Boyd, Q.C.' TV series and then a hit in 'Hostile

with PAUL CARSON

Witness' at the Haymarket—eve though she was not directly sharin the success.

"And I was happy that during t time she made such strides with h writing."

I think they're very wise. Pr fessional jealousy between husban and wife has ruined more showb marriages than even jealousy suspected lovers or mistresses!

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

The last time I saw Rossella Fal probably Italy's top classical actres she was playing in Pirandello's "S Characters In Search Of An Autho at the World Theatre Season at t Aldwych.

Very classy, highbrow stuff!

But now she's playing a sadist murderess in "Modesty Blaise" Sicily. And the film is based on newspaper adventure comic strip!

Director Joe Losey shrugge when I commented on the extren difference: "People raised their ey brows when they learned that *I* w going to direct such a film! A that Terence Stamp, Dirk Bogard and Monica Vitti were eager to pl in it. Why?

"The fact is that 'Modes Blaise' is a rattling good story a that's the real necessity for mo films. The roles are all first-cla acting opportunities. Now the rest largely up to me!" Mr. Los seemed justly confident.

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

Anyone meeting 27-year-o American disc producer Jim Econ mides may be advised to keep his right side.

Reason? His favourite sports a

STAR PARADE by Tzigane

ARIES (March 21—April 20)

A bit bewildering at the outset because the week brings new events and experiences, but once you get your bearings you will appreciate that life is changing for the better. Married subjects due for good family news.

TAURUS (April 21—May 21)

Many changes are due, affecting your routine both at work and play. Generally it seems that the new phase will be to your advantage, but there is a warning sign that you'll be involved in extra expenses.

GEMINI (May 22—June 21)

You may firmly intend to stick to plans already made, but events and the actions of friends look like spoiling routine, and demanding a quick switch to take advantage of strange and exciting opportunities.

CANCER (June 22—July 23)

There'll be no reason to be bored this week, for you will be under pressure to grapple with a whole series of challenging problems. You can rely on the inspiration and ability to turn what may seem to be a real obstacle into a profitable success.

LEO (July 24—August 23)

The younger subject is in for a pretty hectic time, with social dates confirming that popularity is increasing with more than one member of the opposite sex. For older Leos, the pressure will be to tackle more serious problems of income and relatives' welfare.

VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23)

This is a rather complicated phase, with the past 12 months still affecting the new pattern, and you may find the changes from good to bad and back again rather confusing. But be patient with Fate.

LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23)

A highly favourable time when others are on your side—even those you rather suspected had little regard for you. There are strong signs of a money gain through an event after Wednesday.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22)

This is somewhat dull as regards incident or notable experience. Routine duties will need to be tackled, and the welfare of others who look up to you will demand the attention only you can give.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 22)

Now is the time to take stock and cut out any activities you feel aren't getting you nearer your goal. It is a highly favoured time for turning over a new leaf and bettering yourself in all manner of ways.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23—Jan. 20)

Life is building up quite nicely for you, and you may later look back on this week as something of a red-letter period in your birth year, its events being responsible for the progress you are to make later.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19)

A complicated stellar situation, with trends pulling in contrary directions. You may therefore be alternately uplifted and then in near despair. What is notable is that all influences are temporary and ephemeral.

PISCES (Feb. 20—Mar. 20)

After a promising start the situation becomes rather dull, so concentrate all important activities, particularly those involving money in the first part of the week. Ease up in risky actions after Wednesday.

SCENES...

skeet shooting and karate! This should be useful for quelling temperamental singers. Incidentally, Jim was once asked the colour of the hair of his wife, petite, 4 ft. 9 in. Denise Van Ert, a Milwaukee model.

"I'm not sure," he said, frankly, "you see, she's just crazy about wearing wigs!" Maybe we'll find out, for Jim and Denise and Economides Junior are settling down to live here in London. Welcome!

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

I hear that in a coming film called "Blindfold", *Rock Hudson* and *Claudia Cardinale* do what the producers call a 'his and hers' striptease. That I can't wait to see! . . . *THAT Desmond Davis* filmed for several days in my local at Marylebone High Street when making *Sarah Miles'* "Passage Of Love". I'm devoted to Sarah, but it was a bit much when they closed my pub down! . . . *THAT* inquisitive folk have given up asking what *Megan Davies* of the Applejacks was before she became a professional bassist. They hate admitting they can't pronounce electroencephalograph recordist—a machine which records impulses of the brain. It's a fact! . . . *THAT Rex Harrison* is a typical case of the 'better you are the luckier you get'! Here's proof. In "Tale Of A Fox", Rex's three leading ladies are *Maggie Smith, Capucine* and *Susan Hayward.* Best winning treble I've heard of since I was lucky at Sandown Park four years ago!

Full marks to the management of "Robert And Elizabeth" at the Lyric Theatre in London. Star Keith Michell has been out of the cast on holiday and was replaced by Kevin Colson. Michell's name was actually taken off the painted boards outside the theatre and the deputy's name painted in.

This sort of thing doesn't always happen. But it is a generous gesture to the newcomer. It makes him feel that he is not just a fill-in. And, even more important, it's only fair to the long suffering public.

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

I almost hesitate to write this story for fear that every stagestruck youngster with a yen to be a pop singer thinks that this is necessarily the way to the stars!

But I admire the confident cheek of 14-year-old Lorraine Silver of Kingsbury. Lorraine, whose first record for Pye, "Lost Summer Love", made a pleasant start for her career, got her break for the humble investment of two bob!

Lorraine recorded her voice in one of those 'do-it-yourself' recording kiosks at the seaside!

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

Before there are disturbed rumblings among the Establishment and threats of horsewhipping among diehards in London clubs, the title of Frank Sinatra's new film, "Assault On The Queen", isn't nearly as heinous as it sounds!

No, Frank plays the boss of a gang of four men and a woman who raise a sunken submarine and highjack an ocean liner on the high seas.

☆ ★ ☆ ★ ☆

D'you ever read the very small type on theatre programmes?

Probably not. But a choice item in the programme of "Alibi For A Judge" at the Savoy Theatre is a *real* collector's piece.

There's a brief scene in which a police inspector persistently clears his throat. Solemnly has been appended the acknowledgment: 'Cough lozenges by Boots'! (P.S. The author of the play also gets a mention and, in fairness, it is in slightly bigger type!)

LORRAINE SILVER secured a recording contract for a two-bob investment.

CLAUDIA CARDINALE plays opposite Hollywood's Rock Hudson in "Blindfold"

One of the factors that makes show business constantly exciting to me is that you never know when and how opportunity may knock.

I know one man who spent over a year writing a detailed synopsis of an idea for a film. It ran to about 14,000 words. Result? A courteous rejection slip.

But Mrs. Michael Johnson, a housewife living in St. Paul, in the States, wrote a very short poem called "Legend Of The Water Melon". She submitted it to the Walt Disney studios and she was invited to fly to Hollywood (all expenses paid) to discuss the possibility of it being turned into a film!

They were struck by the poem which compares the white, yellow and red colours of a melon with the white, red and yellow skins which make up the races that have become the American people.

If the film is made it can mean a stack of dough for Mrs. Johnson. Which shows it's the idea that counts . . . but it has to be a good one!

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PARADE

A LOVELY FROM LATIN AMERICA

Vivacious black - eyed RITA CASTRO was recently modelling in London. Now she's back in her native Puerto Rico to appear as a dancer on television. But which ever side of the Atlantic she is, Rita's 37 - 22 - 36 shape is always welcome.

STARTS TODAY

DUPED INTO

STANLEY FORD was a wiser man than most. In spite of the many glamorous girls who paid nocturnal visits to his town house, he had always avoided matrimony. Mr. Stanley Ford was, therefore, a completely happy man. He was able to enjoy a luxurious home, completely absent of a so-called woman's touch, and employ Charles, his gentleman's gentleman to anticipate his every whim.

Apart from enjoying the benefits of being a bachelor, Stanley had the advantage of being extremely wealthy. He was the creator of Bash Brannigan, Secret Agent, the cartoon character whose bizarre adventures daily thrilled the readers of 463 newspapers.

Stanley liked to 'test out' these pen-and-ink adventures in real life escapades simulating the hero himself, and hiring actors to play the other roles.

And this was the day when the final development of the current story was to take place. An extremely valuable diamond was to be wrested from the criminal hands in which it had reposed for many days of strip adventure.

ACCOMPANIED by the faithful Charles, Stanley dressed for the part of Bash, Secret Agent, ventured forth into the jungle of New York's streets. At the chosen moment, the carefully rehearsed characters went through their routine with Charles recording every moment of the exciting adventure with a movie camera. After gunfights and chases over roof tops and down fire escapes, Bash, closely followed by the villains reached his objective—a ship on the wharf, and, inside a barrel on the ship, a scantily clad girl. Bash embraced her closely, at the same time claiming his prize, the priceless diamond which she had been wearing in her navel.

Stanley was extremely pleased with the film shots when Charles ran them through on their home projector. He was already working out the general lines of the next adventure when his lawyer, Lampson, grey before his time through the problems of dealing with his difficult but lucrative client, arrived at Stanley Ford's town house.

He slumped in a chair. "Stanley," he began wearily, "I'm speaking to you not as a lawyer but as your friend. You're a grown man, 37, and grown men can't go around spreading terror in the New York streets at the height of the lunch hour—accompanied by a naked woman."

Adapted from the United Artists release, "HOW TO MURDER YOUR WIFE", starring Jack Lemmon, Virna Lisi and Terry-Thomas, and directed by Richard Quine. A George Axelrod production.

"She wasn't naked. She had a diamond in her navel."

"All right," Lampson conceded. "But those demented criminals with knives . . . It's got to stop. Quite frankly it's time you settled down. Edna and I were discussing it last night, and I agree with her that there's something almost immoral about a man of your age who isn't married, doesn't go to an office and sits around drawing an infantile comic strip that appeals only to morons."

The lawyer got up and paced the room a trifle thoughtfully. "Stan," he said ingratiatingly, "I happened to mention to my kids I was gonna meet you this afternoon. Well, we had a sort of family argument I'd like you to settle. The point is the kids think the microfilm is hidden in the diamond in the girl's navel." He laughed a trifle uneasily. "I told 'em that was crazy. As a matter of fact, I went so far as to tell 'em I was your lawyer and I knew dam' well the film wasn't there. I must say they were impressed. For a moment they were—well—kinda proud of their old man."

Stanley, who was being massaged by the devoted Charles, made no comment. Lampson went right over to him. "The girl doesn't have the microfilm in the diamond in her navel, does she?"

Stanley nodded. "Actually, she does," he grinned.

The fact that he had been wrong seemed to appal Lampson. "Honest to God, Stan," he said angrily, "you ought to pull yourself together. You've lost all touch with reality. Find some nice girl and get married."

With that he stalked out of the flat.

The rest of the day passed with its usual perfect smoothness, and early in the evening Stanley put on a dinner jacket to attend a party.

CHARLES was sulking. "I have a sense of foreboding, sir," he said, "of impending disaster. It's just the natural reaction to the unhappy nature of the event you are attending this evening." He groaned. "To think of it! A stag dinner for poor Mr. Rawlins. Is he really getting married tomorrow, sir?"

STANLEY, A RICH YOUNG RAKE, IS APPALLED WHEN HE SOBERS UP AND DISCOVERS HE'S MARRIED – TO A WOMAN HE DOESN'T KNOW!

MARRYING!

"I'm afraid so," Stanley replied. "Poor old Toby. I never thought he'd get nailed. Of course, I feel a little guilty about it, introducing the girl to him. She was, after all, a lovely little lady."

Stanley was lost for a moment or two in pleasurable memories. In some ways he almost envied Rawlins. He glanced at his watch. "Time to go, Charles. Don't wait up for me. You know how these things are."

"I do indeed, sir," Charles agreed. The very thought increased his forebodings of impending doom.

Actually, the party turned out to be quite different from what Stanley had expected. In one way. In others it was true to pattern.

THE unexpected occurrence was that when everyone was equipped with a drink the host proposed a toast.

"Miss Valerie James," he shouted, "a wonderful girl."

Politely, his guests voiced agreement and downed their drinks.

"Thank you," Toby said. "You are quite right. A girl in a million. And Miss Valerie James has decided not to marry me after all. This afternoon she gave me back the ring!"

This time the toast was drunk with real enthusiasm. Someone started to sing "Happy Days Are Here Again". It was sung repeatedly as the evening went on, the words becoming more and more incoherent.

It was, perhaps, two hours later that Stanley's grip on the proceedings weakened. Things grew hazy. He found it difficult to retain his balance. He felt sorry the way everyone seemed so drunk that they couldn't understand what he said.

What he did manage to observe with perfect clarity was the arrival of an enormous white cake which was placed in the centre of the table. Slowly, the top of the cake opened, and out stepped the most curvacious girl Stanley had ever set eyes on. Somehow he found her eyes gazing into his, mirrored with the same look of intense longing as was in his own. The haze returned and he felt himself drowning in his desire for this beautiful creature.

Stanley awoke the next morning with a throbbing pain in his head, and a tongue that seemed too big for his mouth. Gingerly he opened his eyes to see a sight that made him sit up with a painful jerk.

There was a girl asleep in his bed. She was beautiful, Stanley could appreciate that fact, even in his sorry state. One arm was outside the bed-clothes—the left arm. And on the third finger was a bright, new wedding ring. Vague memories stirred in Stanley's mind. They grew alarmingly definite with every second.

The first thing to do was to see Charles.

Nervously, Stanley moved out of the bedroom, closing the door quietly. "Charles!" he called in a timid voice. "Good morning, sir," said Charles, coming out of the dressing-room.

Stanley fidgetted. "I . . . uh . . . don't know how to break this to you. I met a young lady last night. She came out of a cake." He giggled nervously. "I . . . uh . . . seem to be married to her."

Charles jumped as though Stanley had shot him, gave Stanley an indignant look and stalked away to the kitchen.

There was nothing else for Stanley to do but return to the bedroom and his new bride. He went into the room, slamming the door angrily. The girl in the bed rolled over and gave him a dazzling smile.

As soon as he sat on the bed at the side of the girl, he was immediately seized in a passionate embrace and kissed soundly. And what a kiss! Stanley almost forgot what he had been going to say to her. But at the memory of Charles's grim face, he disentangled himself and said brightly, "Now . . . um . . . first of all, I would like to apologize for last night. Quite obviously a mistake has been made. It's nothing that can't be rectified, quite simply, if we'll all keep our heads."

The girl smiled at Stanley and reached forward as though to say something. But Stanley held up his hand for silence and went on, "You'll get a handsome settlement. I happen to be very well off . . . six weeks in Las Vegas. That's all there is to it."

MRS. FORD opened her mouth and spoke for the first time. It was then that Stanley received his second shock of the day. She was Italian! How on earth was he going to cope with *this* setback. Aghast he asked, "You don't . . . no speaka de English?"

Laughing delightfully, Mrs. Ford gave him the answer he feared. "No!" Stanley rose slowly from the bed, gazed at the laughing Mrs. Ford and in a strangled voice said, "Oh, my God . . . excuse me, I'll be right back."

Almost running from the room he closed the door and leant heavily upon it. Whether Charles was sulking or not, he'd got to help in a crisis like this.

(To be continued in next week's 'Parade'.)

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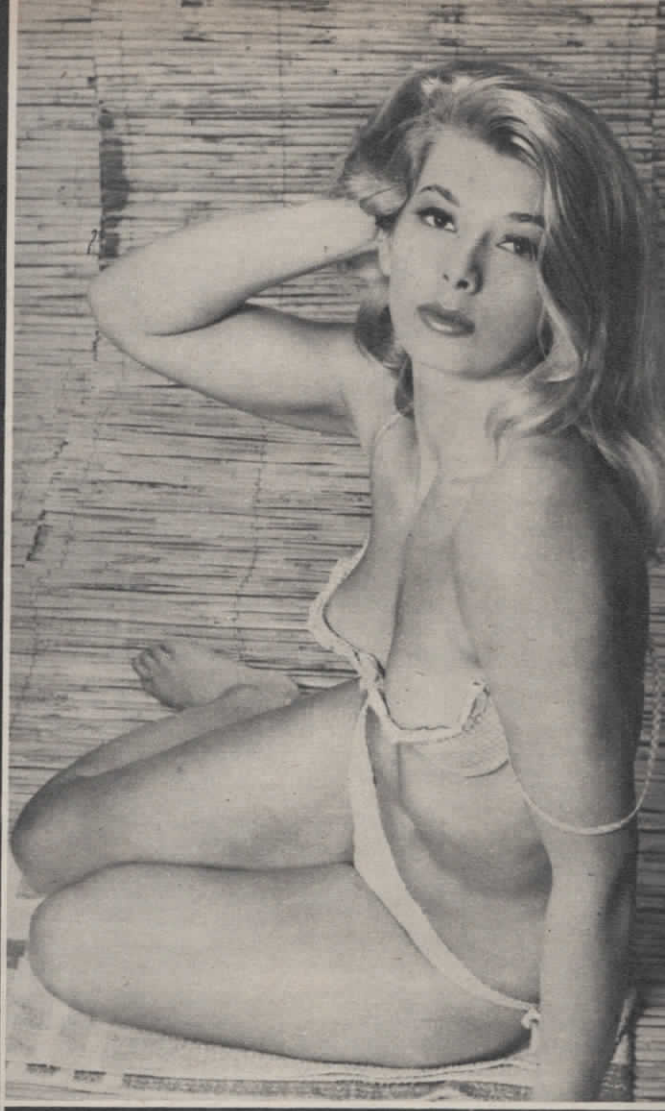

If you saw the British musical film "Every Day's A Holiday", which starred among others Mike Sarne and Freddie and the Dreamers, you may remember a striking-looking, brown-eyed blonde who played a beauty queen . . . JULIE JORDAN, is her name.

JULIE'S THE GIRL THEY ALL LOVE TO 'SHOOT'

Since the movie, Julie has been kept pretty busy by glamour photographers—her 36-23-36 distribution meets their requirements admirably, they tell us—but when she's not working she swims and dabbles in oil painting.

TIME LIMIT

MY EX-WIFE'S HUSBAND WAS OUT OF TOWN. I STILL HAD THE KEY TO HER FLAT AND THE COMBINATION OF THE SAFE

I WAS not feeling any compunction when I went to rob Margaret. I experienced no particular feeling at all, and you might think this strange when I tell you that Margaret was the woman I had once loved, and married, and still cared for in a vague kind of way.

The decision to rob her was sheer impulse. I am not a hardened crook or anything. I had never stolen anything before.

And Margaret was not my wife any more. The blonde with a lot of neuroses, and far too much money, had relegated me to her 'out' tray quite a while ago. The divorce had been painless.

Somebody named Frank was now married to her. They all said he was her ideal. This marriage, they said, would be for keeps. But, knowing Margaret rather better than most people did, I had my doubts about that.

It was funny how the impulse to rob her came about. It wouldn't have happened at all if Maureen had not walked into the pub where I was sitting on my own and trying, not very successfully, to find solace in whisky.

She recognized me at once, which rather surprised me. I mean, I had walked out of Margaret's life for good only a few weeks after this little colleen from Dublin had started work as her personal maid.

Maureen said she couldn't stay talking with me for very long, because her fellow was meeting her in the pub in ten minutes. I said you could talk about a lot of things in ten minutes, and bought her a drink.

"I'm still with her, you know," Maureen said. She was a talkative little soul, and I was happy to let her talk. "I'll be staying with her till I get married now."

"Well, you seem to get on with her all right," I remarked ruefully. "What about her new husband?"

"She's crazy about him," Maureen said. "Pathetic really."

"And Frank?"

The Irish girl frowned at her sherry for a long moment. "I don't know really. They have a bust-up every so often, and he slams out, and stays at his club or some hotel for a night or two. He comes back, though. Well, he has before."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, this time he hasn't. He's been gone longer than usual."

My smile was half bitter, half nostalgic. History, I thought, invariably repeated itself. Only this time time there was a slight variation. Frank's departure would hurt her. Mine had not.

I sat listening to the Irish girl, nodding. She had always been on the garrulous side. The sherry had served to loosen her tongue a bit further.

Presently she said: "Tim will be in any minute. I'll go and sit on my own if you don't mind. I don't want him to see us together."

"Sure," I said. She had told me everything I wanted to know. The questioning had hardly been necessary.

Margaret had gone off to stay with some friends. That is what she had told the maid anyway. "Isn't there somebody you could go and stay with yourself?" she had asked.

Maureen had jumped at the chance of extra time off. She was going to a show with her boyfriend, then going home to stay at his mother's place.

Margaret's second husband was away somewhere, too. Meaning, I told myself on reflection, that the flat was empty. It would be empty until tomorrow.

"I answered an advertisement which said comfortable working conditions in luxurious surroundings . . ."

I swear that I never thought a thing about Margaret until Maureen turned up. My mind had been too full of other things.

The firm that once employed me had shut down. Well, that was not such a catastrophe. I had always wanted an excuse to start up on my own.

On what, though? There was no capital. I owed rent and a few other things, too. If I could just lay my hands on a little ready . . .

THEN my hand closed round the bunch of keys in my pocket. I took them out and looked at them. The key to her flat was still there; it had never been taken off the ring.

The flat in which I had lived as her husband. The flat she now shared with Frank. Margaret's flat, plushy as befits an heiress, with everything that opens and shuts, paid for with her money.

Including the little safe that I knew everything about. The safe in which Margaret always kept a few hundred quid for 'emergencies' as more humble women keep a few quid in a teapot on the dresser. Or, failing anything from that source, there would doubtless be some bits of her jewellery lying around—she had always been damnably careless in that respect.

I went to quite a few more pubs, and on the little bit of money which I had left I managed to get slightly tight. Not drunk, but enough to give me a bit of Dutch courage. Then I went for a longish walk, round and round the park.

It was very late when I eventually let myself into Margaret's flat. I found it dark and deserted, just as the streets outside had been.

I decided I had better not put on the electric-light, just in case the curtains were pulled back. Well, some prying busybody in the flats across the way might be aware the tenants were all away and they would be suspicious if the lights went on suddenly at this time of night.

The pencil-torch which I always kept clipped on my waistcoat pocket afforded only a poor thin beam, but this hardly mattered really. After all, I knew practically everything there was to know about this flat.

The little safe in the wall was just as it had always been. A bit of a pantomime, I had always called it in the old days, and I had told Margaret often that it was absolutely useless. She just hadn't cared, though. Well, what did it matter when you were left as much money as Margaret had been left?

The safe came open as easy as kiss your hand. The thin pencil beam revealed a packet of banknotes. It appeared to be about a couple of hundred. Not exactly a fortune, but welcome enough in my present financial state.

For some peculiar reason I was hesitating about looking around for some jewellery. Not that Margaret would ever miss it, but I didn't think that I would have the nerve to try and flog stolen jewellery: I wouldn't know where to take the stuff, anyway.

I was mulling this over in my mind when, suddenly and breathtakingly, the room was flooded with light. It half blinded me for a few seconds. The light was coming not from the ceiling, but from a lamp standing on a table.

SHORT STORY BY HERBERT HARRIS

"Stay where you are, don't move a muscle or I'll shoot." It was a woman's voice, low and husky and commanding.

Slowly, unbelievingly, I blinked Margaret into focus.

She was standing by the high-backed armchair in which she had presumably been sitting when I entered the flat. She had been sitting there in the dark then? Or had she perhaps quickly switched off the lamp on hearing my key inserted in the lock?

The table-lamp stood on a long low table by the armchair. Also there was a telephone and a small brass clock, and an ashtray half full of lipstick-stained cigarette-ends. The brass clock said that it was just midnight.

It was odd really that I should have observed all these details before noticing that Margaret held a gun. She had not been bluffing. A small revolver was pointing roughly at the centre of my stomach.

"You won't be needing that," I told her nervously. "I might have been all sorts of things that didn't match up with your ideal, but I was never violent, was I?"

"I didn't realize it was you," she said, and threw the gun on the seat of the armchair. She gripped the wing of the chair to steady herself. "I think I'm slightly drunk," she added with a bitter twist of her mouth.

"That makes two of us," I confessed.

The blonde head came up slowly. Her eyes looked tired and much more sad than I had ever remembered them. "It wasn't necessary to steal my money," she said wearily. "If you had asked me for some, I would have given it to you."

"My pride wouldn't let me do that," I answered. "And even if you tell me to keep what I've taken, the chances are I'll pay it back one of these days."

SHE sat on the edge of the chair and laid her head in her hand, the blonde hair tumbling over her face.

"Maybe you had better leave your 'swag' behind," she said. "I say that for your own good. Otherwise they might say it isn't suicide, but murder."

I swallowed with a gulping movement and said: "What are you talking about?"

The pale face turned towards the small brass clock. "The time-limit has expired," she murmured.

"Time-limit?" I grimaced.

She paused and said: "Frank has left me—did you know."

"You mean for good?"

"It . . . it looks like it." She looked genuinely upset. "I suppose you think that doesn't matter very much . . . that I shall just start

looking around for Number Three?"

I didn't answer.

"But it's quite different with Frank. I'm really in love with him, you see. He's my whole life."

"I'm very sorry for you," I told her, and I think I meant it.

"When I spoke to him on the phone," she said, staring into the distance, "I gave him until midnight to ring me and say that he was coming back . . .

"If he didn't ring by midnight, I knew he would never come back. Midnight was my deadline. That was when I had decided to kill myself. He knows I have this gun. He doesn't care any more, you see . . ."

"No!" I shouted. "You can't do this! It's madness!"

"Don't interfere . . . please," she said. Her hand dived behind her back. It emerged holding the gun. She sat for a moment staring at it.

I lunged forward and snatched it away from her. "Don't be a damned fool!" I yelled at her. "That clock of yours is fast! It says five minutes past twelve! It's only just midnight now . . . barely midnight in fact . . . !"

Suddenly the telephone-bell shattered the silence. Margaret eagerly snatched up the receiver.

"Who? Frank? Oh, Frank, my darling, is it really you? What? Then you're going to . . . ? Oh . . . I thought for one awful moment . . ."

She spoke for a little while longer. When she turned to look at me, her eyes were wet with tears of joy.

"He . . . he's coming back," she said softly. "Frank's coming back to me!"

"I hope this is your last fit of neurosis," I said. "Do you realize what would have happened if . . ."

A troubled frown replaced the ecstasy in her eyes. "Yes . . . if you hadn't come to rob me tonight, I might by now have . . ."

I nodded, smiling.

"You might almost call this my reward," I said. I put the packet of banknotes in my pocket. "And this, too . . ."

I kissed her, still getting a bit of a kick out of it. Then I left her without another word. ●

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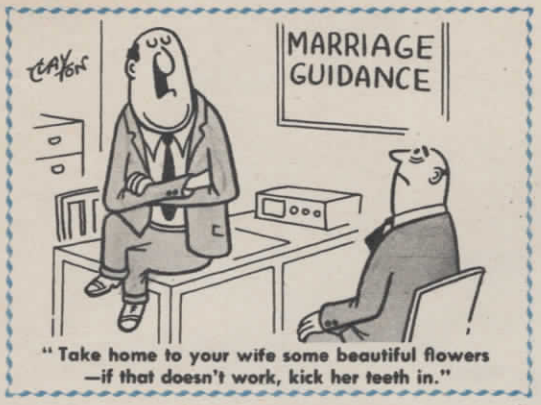

"Take home to your wife some beautiful flowers —if that doesn't work, kick her teeth in."

Keep On Your Toes When The Vampires Are About

by Austin Jones

BATS, according to a recent report, are causing much damage to churches all over Britain. Judging by the harm they do to our church buildings these nocturnal little vandals are really greater horrors than the daddy of them all—Dracula himself.

Despite this many people still believe bats should never be disturbed when they take up abode in our churches. Some beliefs concerning bats in churches are only superstition. Others have more practical foundations.

For instance, many people believe the bats eat death watch beetles and other pests which are prevalent in older churches. However, there is no proof that this belief is founded on fact. It has been noted that many churches infested with bats are just as densely infested with death watch beetles.

Ridding our churches of bats poses a serious problem. Many techniques have been employed to scare off the invaders. Among the methods used have been the blasting of whistles and sounding of motor horns inside churches. Cyanide poisoning and fumigation have also been tried. But successes have only been temporary.

Probably the most unusual way of fighting the pests was the bat-hunt organized by one parson. After recruiting his parishioners they gathered at dusk in his churchyard, armed with shotguns. About 50 bats were killed by the shooting party. But it was found that the damage done to the church roof by the pellets almost cancelled out the success against the bats.

Anxious though some people are to remove bats from their adopted homes, it's certain that once these flying mammals take up a lodging they grow fond of it.

Some time ago several bats were removed from a Norfolk church then released 35 miles away. Within a week they had all returned to their belfry. In France, after being released during experiments, some bats travelled 165 miles to reach their home cave.

What is the secret of a bat's remarkable homing ability? Certainly it has nothing to do with recognition of landmarks. Scientists have blindfolded bats before releasing them, but the blindfolded creatures found their way home just as quickly as bats that were not blindfolded.

The evil reputation which has clung to all bats throughout the centuries springs from only one species of the mammal, the vampire bat. This small bat comes from the forests of South America and lives entirely on the blood of animals and humans.

Usually it's only when humans are asleep that vampire bats attack them. It punctures the skin with its sharp teeth then laps up the blood which comes from the incision.

But despite the popular horror version of its feeding habits the vampire bat does not feed from—nor does it attack—a human's throat. It's more likely to draw blood from one of the big toes.

The Italian look—an Italian name. But lovely ANNE MARIE was born in Kent, the Garden of England. A film extra and model, Anne's 39-23-36 shape gives her an advantage over most rivals.

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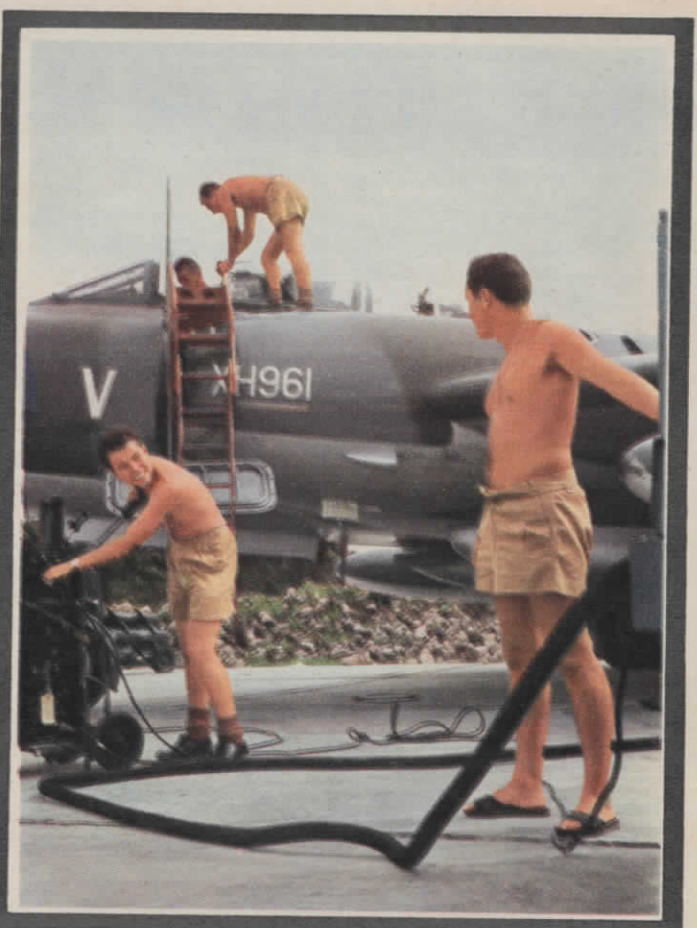

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The Royal Air Force

SPORT PARADE

Edited by PETE McCOY

CHESTER BARNES, the Cockney Kid from Forest Gate, who has dominated English table tennis for the past three years, is a reformed character.

Who says so? None other than Chester himself. He has set his heart on winning the European Championship before his own fervent supporters at Wembley next April.

In the three years since, at the age of 15, he swept through a top-class field to win the English closed title for the first time, Barnes has been in and out of scrapes.

Suspension, defiance, disinterest, cockiness, moodiness and threats to give up the game altogether have all been part of the Barnes saga.

On the one hand officials have pulled out their hair in anguish at some of Chester's capers. On the other they have been full of praise for his play and for the fact that at last we appear to have a player capable of beating the best in Europe.

Forest Gate's favourite son now says that he is going to settle down at the ripe old age of 18 to really pound that celluloid ball over the net.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Early nights, no more fighting with officials, constant practice against the best and plenty of competitive matches will be the new Barnes's programme, and in April next year he hopes to make it all worth while with the European crown.

He can do it. And what a shot in the arm that will be for English table tennis.

CHESTER BARNES —on the 'comeback' trail.

AMATEURS' CUP

Among all the talk about the World Cup being held in Britain next year, the fact that the amateur footballers are to have their own European Cup seems to have been practically unnoticed.

Yet this new event is the most important international development in amateur football since the Olympic Games. Twelve countries will compete.

It's a two-year tournament run on geographical lines. England have been grouped with Austria and Holland, and the winners of each of the four sections will qualify for the semi-finals due to be played, with the final, early in 1967.

England's amateurs have an impressive record against Holland, but it will be their first meeting with Austria. There are no records of any matches against Austria, but it is possible that amateurs were used in the two full internationals against Austria in 1908.

The other countries taking part are Eire, Scotland, Wales, Spain, France, Italy, West Germany, Turkey and Yugoslavia.

The competition is open only to amateur national sides of countries which also have pro or semi-pro soccer. That keeps out the Communist countries where they call their full-time players 'amateurs'.

GOING DUTCH?

Soccer manager with the international outlook is Alvan Williams, who recently switched to Southend from Hartlepools. Alvan has suggested to Southend that their reserve side plays next season in the Dutch League—with F.A. permission.

Williams says that Southend could get from their local airport to Holland far quicker than it takes them to get to any London ground.

He also points out that the Dutch standard of play is higher than that in the Football Combination, in which Southend's seconds play at the moment. And that the fans would like a flip to the Continent on Sundays—with the home matches on Wednesdays.

But I can't see the F.A. agreeing to this one.

PRIZE HUNTERS

For the first time in ten years the golfing brothers Hunt—Bernard and Geoffrey—both of whom have played for Britain in the Ryder Cup, have dropped their family act on the tournament circuit.

Big Bernard, the elder, is carrying on competing in any and every type of top event that comes along, but Geoffrey, the one with the contact lenses, has switched to the Continent where he claims he is more certain of picking up prize money.

Geoffrey's gesture is one many professionals would like to follow. He's showing his strong dislike of match-play events, like the championship held recently at Walton Heath.

"There's no future in 'em," he says. "If you're knocked out in the first round you've had it for the week. Whereas in stroke play you can keep on to the end."

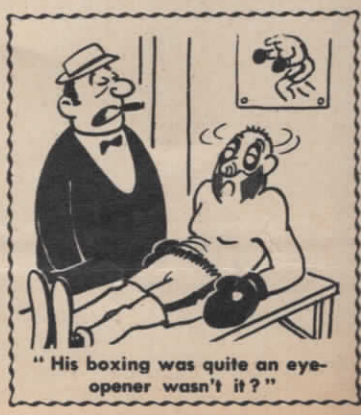
Bernard reckons you should support home tournaments whatever the type of play. He is a great supporter of the Professional Golfers' Association which recently ordered all the top players to compete in the new Honda tournament at Mere, Cheshire. They also sent two of the Ryder Cup reserves, Guy Wolstenholme and David Snell, to represent Britain in the Canada Cup (the world team championship) in Madrid.

TON-UP TEST

Last year Colvin Patrick celebrated his 60th birthday by walking 60 miles round a track near his home in Port of Spain, Trinidad. This month Colvin has been careering round the roads in England, his No. 1 ambition being to join the Centurions Club.

Qualification for membership: You must walk 100 miles in 24 hours.

Super-pedestrian Patrick, who trains on stout, milk and raw eggs and carries weights round his waist on his 20-mile practice plods, had a warm-up for the ton-up test in the recent London to Brighton walk. That's a mere 50 miles.



"His boxing was quite an eye-opener wasn't it?"

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THE NIGHT MAX 'WUZ THE

SPORT PROFILE

by PATRICK GREENE

Many thought there was something decidedly odd about Joe Jacobs, the 'we wuz robbed' fight manager, who steered Max Schmeling to fame.

THE lights blazed down on to the Yankee Stadium. A contented smile wrapped itself across the battered pan of the new heavyweight champion Jack Sharkey.

And the crowd noted with approval that Max Schmeling's manager, Joe Jacobs, known to one and all as Yussel the Mussel, was about to give out with a few well-chosen words.

Holding the microphone in one hand and a well-chewed cigar in the other, he drew himself up to his full five-feet-two and announced with his usual quiet dignity:

"We wuz robbed. We shoulda stood in bed" . . . a remark which came as something of a surprise to his listeners.

But the fact that Yussel in the excitement of the moment lost his grip on the past tense of 'stay' should not be counted against him.

These things happened to the Mussel in times of great emotional stress, and what can be more emotional than the sight of one's meal ticket becoming an ex-champ?

Stern critics often felt there was something a little odd about Mrs. Jacobs's favourite son.

But odd or not, he managed some of the most famous fighters of all time, including Frankie Genaro, Two-Ton Tony Galento, Mike McTigue and Andrew Routis.

He earnt around two million dollars from the ring.

And he goes down into boxing history as the prototype of all the cigar-chewing, we-wuz-robbed managers through the ages.

Somehow nothing ordinary ever seemed to happen to Yussel.

His alliance with Schmeling, for instance . . . idol of the new Master Race, forerunner of Aryan supremacy . . . might have seemed a little unlikely to some.

To the ones, at least, who didn't know him well. Yussel allowed nothing to stand in the way of his pursuit of gold.

But from the beginning, it was never easy.

Schmeling was somewhat slow at grasping the finer points of the English language.

In his first American bout with Dave Wilkes, he returned to his corner at the end of the first round, to receive the following advice:

"De guy's strong in de basement, I tells ya. So bop him in de attic."

Max gave this tactical statement his closest attention, then went straight out and tried to saw the luckless Wilkes in half.

All this while the exasperated Yussel was jumping up and down, pleading, "Upstairs, Maxie. Upstairs for Pete's sake," interspersing these remarks with asides such as "Holy cow. Whatta mutton-head."

Eventually, his brow beaten charge, tantalized beyond endurance, switched from the basement to the attic. He threw a rocklike right that landed on Wilkes's jutting chin.

The Jutting One dutifully took a step forward, came smartly to attention and fell flat on his face.

As Jacobs made his usual dignified exit, absent-mindedly stepping on the toes of a few patrons inexperienced enough in the ways of the Mussel to have left their feet in the

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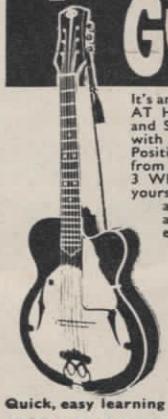

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gangway, he was heard still muttering:

"If ya'd lissen to me, ya bum, ya'd be a champ" . . . a remark which it must be admitted was greeted with a certain amount of derision by the 50-centers at the back of the hall.

But before another year had gone by, Max was beginning to throw a very educated right hand indeed.

Not even his best friend would have accused him of being a Fancy Dan, but he could certainly dig.

Still, the real troubles of Yussel began when he visited the homeland of his fighter.

Germany at that time, if you recall, had no great love for the Jacobs's boys.

In no way perturbed, he arrived at the Karflein Club in Berlin, a similar organization to our own National Sporting Club.

It was filled to the bung with barons and silence lay over it like a blanket.

A silence broken only by the occasional clink of a decanter and the odd snore.

"Gentlemen," said the Mussel's host, "I should like you to meet Mr. Joe Jacobs of America."

The clinking, the rustling and even the snoring died away. Eyebrows twitched and jaws sagged.

The club veteran, who had just been dreaming that he was back in the jungle again, took one look and went quite pale.

For one terrible moment, he was convinced that he was face to face with a dangerous, man-eating gorilla.

The stance seemed to confirm this theory and the hands reached down below the knees in the accepted manner.

But on second thoughts, he realized he'd never seen a gorilla wearing a brown bowler with a yellow waistcoat. They were most particular about such things.

Even so, he was still licking his lips a trifle nervously as Yussel went on the air.

"Gen'lmen," he growled, "I should jist like to say how gratified I am to be invited inta dis joint.

"It shore is jist about the best hideaway for lushin it up I ever did see."

The barons promptly turned black in the face, possibly from pleasure.

And it must be admitted that Yussel the Mussel was not exactly an immediate hit in the Fatherland.

As it turned out, it was just as well that apart from his other claims to fame, the Mussel was also the world's best alibier.

Certainly no one ever needed one more than Joe did following the strange happenings at the Schmeling-Uzcudun fight in Berlin.

That night Adolf Hitler entered the arena surrounded by a small army of storm-troopers.

"Sieg Heil," goes the cry and 10,000 Aryans raise their right arm for the Fuhrer.

Now it was the Mussel's considered opinion that Hitler was a dog, and a dirty one to boot.

Just the same, he felt this was no time to press the point and as the 'Sieg Heil' rang out, he sieg-heiled with the best of them.

By some ill chance, however, a picture of this touching scene found its way back to New York.

And on his return to the big city, Yussel was met with a certain amount of stiff lip, cold eye and raised snoot.

In no way taken aback, Yussel the Mussel explained, "What dose guys do not know is dat dis salute does not count at all, on account of behind my back . . . I had my fingers crossed."

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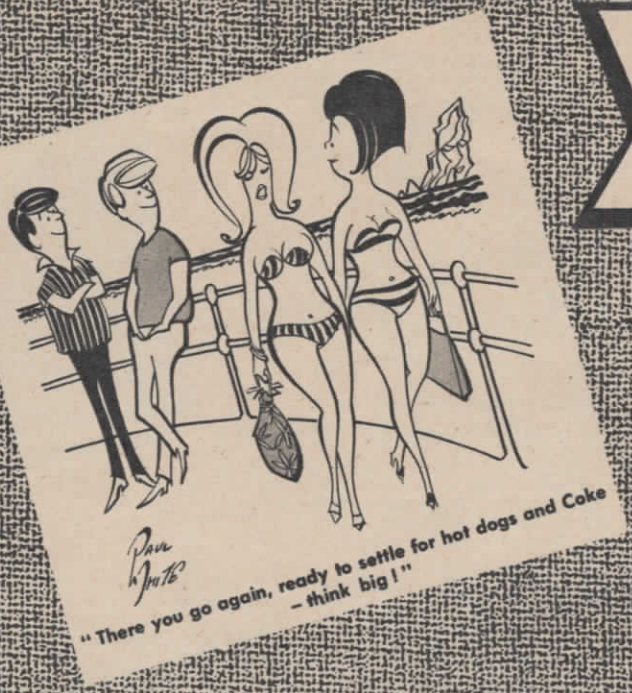

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